AN

ELEGY

On the much Lamented

DEATH

OF THE

Moſt Excellent, the Moſt Truly-Beloved, and Univerſally-Admired LADY,

Madam *GINEVA.*

Worthy to be peruſed by all DISTILLERS, Whether Simple or Compound.

Dum Memor ipſe Mei, dum SPIRITUO *hos regit Artus,*
Semper Honos, Nomenq; Landeſque manebunt. VIRG.

Sæpiùs in Noſmet Legem Sancimus iniquam. HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for *T. Cooper*, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*
M.DCC.XXXVI.

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Semper Honos, Nomenque, Laudesque manebunt. VIRG.

Sapiis in Noſmet Deum Sanctimus ingenium. HOR.

586

LONDON:

Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-Noſter-Row.

MDCCXXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN ELEGY

On the much Lamented

DEATH

OF THE

Moſt Excellent, the Moſt Truly-Beloved, and Univerſally-Admired LADY,

Madam *GINEVA.*

POPE I ne'er grudg'd his own *Pierian* Stream,
GIN was my Helicon, is now my Theme.
And e'er th' oppreſſive, cruel Statute paſs,
I'll ſteep my Sorrows in a farewel Glaſs.
Once more, O GIN, thy faithful Bard inſpire,
Glow in his Breaſt, and ſet his Soul on Fire.
On Wings of Spirits I'll from Garret fly,
And range intoxicate my neighb'ring Sky.

Muſt

Muſt We then loſe, alas! however loth,
The bliſsful Privilege of drunken Sloth?
Freedom and Property! are then but Names:
Th' injurious Parliament our Birth-right claims.
Limbeck's no more elab'rate ſhall exalt,
To Proof ſublime the Quinteſſence of Malt.
Cœleſtial Dew! bright Offspring of the Flame!
Diſtiller's Glory, Thou, and Brewer's Shame,
Spirit Divine! cou'd ever lifeleſs Ale,
From ſodden Grain ſuch flav'rous Scents exhale?
Might I of Nectar with the Gods partake,
Forſaking Thee, I wou'd not Thee forſake;
Heav'n, Gods, and Nectar, I wou'd all forgoe,
More bleſt with Mortals to quaff GIN below.

Servile Decorum baniſh'd, once this Iſle
The Land of Liberty we well might ſtile;
When open Drunk'neſs, devoid of Awe,
Reign'd without Check, eſtabliſh'd by the Law.
Happier, O happier than Saturnian Reign!
More Golden Age than Poets knew to feign!

No

No formal Decency, nor Order grave,
Our Actions cramp'd, or Paſſions did enſlave.
Of Shame unconſcious, while the Liquor wrought,
We ſaid, and did, what-e'er occur'd to Thought.
Our Rags tranſpicuous, Nature's Works reveal'd,
And made no Myſtery of Parts conceal'd:
Free, as in State of Innocence, we toy'd,
We ſaw, deſir'd, and our Deſires enjoy'd.
Prompt We obey'd each Dictate of the Mind,
Light as the Air, and common as the Wind;
Now Whore, now Steal, now Lie, now Swear, now Fight,
And bravely vindicate each natural Right;
Break the rude Chains which Cuſtom had put on,
And own no Maſters but ourſelves alone.

Now greedy Great-ones their Inferiors grind,
And Vice monopolize of ev'ry kind.
In coſtly Riot they may waſte their Wealth,
The Poor muſt reſt content with temp'rate Health.
A cheap Debauch is Miſdemeanor thought,
But legal Sanction gains, if dearly bought.

Howe'er

Howe'er they gloſs their late officious Zeal,
With feign'd Pretence to ſerve the Common-Weal;
Envy, we know, this harſh Reſtraint ſuggeſts,
(O why ſhou'd Envy enter noble Breaſts?)
Jealous that Beggars with the Rich ſhou'd vie,
Dare to drink Drams, and like their Betters die.

Can it be call'd an Act of publick Good,
To take our Raiment from us, and our Food?
For Food, and Raiment, with Life's ev'ry Sweet,
Compriz'd in GIN, our *Summum Bonum*, meet.
Warm'd with one ſov'reign Draught of pow'rful GIN,
How did our Hearts, Lungs, Livers burn within?
As Malt in Stills conſumes by gradual Heat,
And trickles Drop by Drop in limpid Sweat:
So human Vitals, while Malt-Spirits prey,
Waſte from within, with kindly ſlow Decay.
Death to be wiſh'd for! which ſo gently ſteals,
That Man the bitter Stroke but faintly feels.
GIN cou'd thy Terrors ſmooth, O grieſly King,
Rebate the Keeneſs of thy mortal Sting.

The Head too monſtrous for the Body grew,
E'er GIN its Thouſands, yea, Ten Thouſands ſlew.
Eas'd grumbling Pariſhes, o'erſtock'd with Poor,
And ſnatch'd the ſturdy Vagrants from our Door.
Since GIN no more Permiſſion has to kill,
What Caſualties can now be found to fill
Th' illuſtrious Records of each weekly Bill?

GIN's fiery Juice the milky Stream ſuppreſt,
And kindly dry'd the Nurſe's cumbrous Breaſt.
The ſuckling Brat declines her ſhrivel'd Pap,
The cordial Bev'rage ſips, and takes a Nap:
Huſh'd with few Drops he holds his Infant Cries,
And ſpares the maudlin Nurſe her Lullabies.
In pregnant Dames GIN cou'd Abortion cauſe,
And ſuperſede prolific Nature's Laws:
Mothers cou'd make the genial Womb a Grave,
And anxious Charge of Education ſave;
Prevent with Prudence their convulſive Throes,
While the ſcorch'd Embrio ſhun'd a World of Woes.
GIN cou'd yet more the human Race befriend,
Husbands unnerve, and Procreation end.

Secure they fumble in the Marriage-Bed,
Nor noiſy Plague of hungry Children dread.

Heav'ns! was the Nation ever thus oppreſt!
GIN they repeal, leave unrepeal'd the Teſt.
Civil, and ſacred Liberties controul,
Defraud the Body, and afflict the Soul.
A Maſter-ſtroke of Policy employ,
Preſerve our Morals, and our Trade deſtroy.
London, of vicious, flouriſhing Renown,
Thanks to our Senate, now muſt not dwindle down,
To th' honeſt Credit of a Country Town.
Unhappy *Briton!* more enſlav'd than *Turk*,
Forc'd to be ſober, and compell'd to Work.
Your Work but little will your Country aid,
Drinking alone promotes the *Britiſh* Trade.
Unnumber'd Branches, GIN, on Thee depend,
With Thee they ſprung, with Thee as ſoon muſt end.
With Thee each Art, and ev'ry Science came,
Our Pleaſure, Profit, Courage, and our Fame.
For Thee the Sailor tempts the ſtormy Main,
For Thee the Soldier treads th' embattel'd Plain.

How

How without Thee can plying Nymphs ſupport
The Toils inceſſant of their am'rous Sport?
Nouriſh'd again with Fumes of foggy Beer,
Spleen, *Engliſh* Malady, ſhall domineer.

'Gainſt Thee conſpir'd all Parties, GIN, unite,
Court, Country, Tory, Whig, and Jacobite;
Curſt Coalition! yet the grateful Muſe
Thy Fate deplores, who didſt her Rage infuſe.
Theſe laſt kind Honours to thy Manes pays,
And for thy poor departed *Spirit* prays.

F I N I S.